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W. P. WALTON.

THE CURIOUS PALM CRAB.

Spice Island "Pigs"—How the Crabs Gather Nuts—Curious Yarns.
[New York Sun.]

"They have a curious crab in the Spice Islands," continued the skipper. "They call it the palm crab. The scientific name is Birgus latro. I was visiting a friend there, and one night he asked if I wouldn't like to take a look at his pigs that were being fattened for the table. I said certainly, and we went to a sort of a pen made of bamboo, and what do you suppose he had? Crabs! Yes, these palm crabs. They were Spice Island pigs, and I reckon some of them weighed a matter of twelve pounds, others five and six. They were curious things, and looked like half spider and half crab. If you have ever seen a hermit crab out of its shell, try to imagine one with its tail covered with hard plates, and about five times as large as anything you ever saw. Give it great red claws, throw in a lot of short hairs, bristles and feelers, and you have the palm crab."

"When I first saw one it reminded me of these fantastic figures that hop out of boxes when you raise the lid. The palm crabs are found in various countries of the east, and always in holes at the foot of palm trees, and to give you an idea of the amount of the nuts they eat, the Malays make a regular business of collecting the husks which they find in the nests and making them into mats and various articles of domestic use. You might wonder how the crabs get at the nuts; they climb the trees and twist them off with their big claws, and if you have ever tried to do the same with your hands you will appreciate the strength of the crab. Sometimes the nut is brought down, but often dropped, the crab following it down. It then tears off the husk with its big claws, always commencing at the end at which the two holes are placed, and when they come into view it brings one of its small rear claws into play and runs it in and picks out the meat. Sometimes they break the shell by hammering it on a rock."

"This friend of mine told me some curious yarns about the crab. Once, when a lot of natives were off on a crab hunt, one of them nearly had his ears torn off. They went for them at night, and as one of the men took hold of a limb, or branch, of a coconut to give it a shake, a big crab that happened to be clinging to it grabbed him by the ear and nearly lifted him off the ground, and would have torn his ear off if some one had not killed the brute with a club. They are very fine eaters, and are fattened on rice and various kinds of food, and sold just as we sell chickens here, or any other game. China is a great place for native palm medicines—that is, they rig up cures out of everything, from an elephant's tooth to a dragon's eye—and one of their prime cures is made out of a fossil crab that they work out and grind up into a powder. Soft shell is good enough for me."

Tackling a Devil Fish.

[New York Sun.]
Some years ago several devil fish appeared in a harbor where several schooners were lying, and the sailors, who were Swedes, and had never seen one of the fish before, saw them playing around in the harbor, and thought it would be a good joke to spear one. So they took a light skiff and a pair of old whale harpoons and ropes that belonged to the schooner and started out, and were joined by the other boats. In a short time one of the boat got alongside of a sea bat, and a rouser it was, too. When they struck it would have thought the whole bottom had been hit, and a second later that boat was rushing up the harbor at a rate she never went before. It was a blind lead, though, and the fish had to turn, and the skiff was jerked around so quickly that she had filled, and one man was tumbled overboard."

Up the channel they went, some yelling for the boat and others for the fish, as it was evident that she would fill in a moment; but it happened that the only man who had a knife had been dropped overboard, and as they couldn't get the line untied, they had to let it go. They said afterward they were about to jump overboard and let everything go, when the fish changed its course and headed right for one of the schooners. They had to jump then, anyhow, and, as they went overboard, the fish lived under the vessel, and the skiff struck her side with a crash, and was knocked all to pieces. The end plank, as they found out later, to which the line was made fast, went off with the fish. The men were picked up, and two days later the devil fish floated ashore. It measured about eighteen feet across, and it was estimated to weigh a ton."

Pay-Day in the Turkish Army.

[Constantinople Letter.]
One evening an officer bustled into the cabin of a Bosphorus steamer, just after it had left port, and, addressing a clerk who was dozing at the table:

"Oh, here you are."
"Well, have you the money?"

"Yes."

"Count it out."

Then for a few minutes there was the clink of small coin, as one after another, each little pile, carefully scrutinized in the waning light, was laid aside. At last, with considerable care, about a dozen piles were made, and the officer leaned back on the sofa and nursed his knees.

"Call the men in." And forthwith a sergeant and his men came in, in turn, to receive each a pile of coin. "There, my boy, there is your money for today. There, my son, is yours, and there is some more for the tall fellow with a beard that lives over by the dried-fruit market. Now go and be sure and get your bath to-morrow." So the comments went until the last two piles were reached, when the officer began to fear that more would come in than could be supplied. He repeated very carefully: "I have only got enough for two more. Let the rest wait."

Such is pay-day in the Turkish army.

Danger of Delay.

[Allegheny Advertiser.]
A gentleman with his wife, lately visited one of the Allegheny cemeteries with one of the directors of the place, for the purpose of selecting a lot. After inquiring the price he asked if he must pay in advance, and got the reply, "Well, no, I guess you are good for it, only if you don't pay right down you will be expected to bury some of your folks within two years."

THE BROTHERS.

An Entertaining and Instructive Serial Story,

Written Expressly for the Interior Journal.

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS.

CHAPTER XV.

My eyes confess it, My every action speaks my heart aloud."

—Dryden.

EDWARD'S GRIEF.

Dr. Cligney had entirely recovered from his illness. There was no longer an excuse for Edward's presence in the dull, silent house he had brightened so.

He had confided his boyish grief to Dr. Cligney and had received the deepest and tenderest sympathy.

"We must all have sorrow, it seems, even you; it is the way in which we take them that the difference lies. I took mine wrong and my life was all wrong, until you came into it, with your love for God, unselfishness, patience and gentleness towards every one. 'All things work together for good to those' who do as you, and I believe this trouble will pass away leaving you even happier than before. But I can't give you up Edward, you must stay with me, I'll come over this evening and see if some arrangements can not be made that will be satisfactory to all, until then good bye."

After Edward had gone around bidding Stephens, Mose, Jackey and every animate and inanimate thing about the place good bye and had gone, Dr. Cligney went all over the house unfastening doors and windows and opening the great house to the air and sunlight.

Stephens stopped crying long enough to listen, then threw her apron over her head and cried more than ever. "I feel like someone was dead," she told the gardener, "the house is like a tomb without him."

"That is so," said Mose, drawing his cotton sleeve across his eyes, then raking away vigorously. "His brother is a handsome young man. I neber seed sich eyes, but dey sees clear from you. Ef I done a mean thing I'd hate to look at him. A fine young man, but he aint Mr. Edward, he's good from and from."

"What is the matter with you two?" said the Dr. coming suddenly upon them, while Mose hung his head and struck out with his rake as if galvanized.

"It's Mr. Edward, master, the house aint right without him."

"E!" said the Dr. "how would you like for me to bring him here to stay always?"

"Oh master, do you mean it?" cried the delighted Stephens, while Mose changed his whimper to a broad grin.

"See to your duties, Stephens, and quit crying, it will all be right."

"I would have amused you to see Stephens run to the house like a girl, flutter from one object to another in her great joy, but I would have pleased a circus rider to have seen Mose watch his master out of sight, then throw his hoe from him as far as possible, stand on his head in the dirt, dirt, then turn somersaults and hand springs and go through pantomime that only a monkey or a negro would."

Before the end of the week arrangements had all been made for Mrs. Graham to take the position of house-keeper for Dr. Cligney, this merely a name to gain her consent to come at all.

She had received the kind offer with a very great reluctance and had very decidedly refused until Dr. Cligney had told her that Edward was his good genius and was necessary to him to keep him in the right way. "Without him I would soon get to be the same hard man that I was before. I don't want him to lose your influence and when your olderson is at school you can not stay here alone. Come, do a really generous act."

Added to all which the Dr. could say was Edward's entreaties and at last Mrs. Graham consented to go.

There was a great deal of work going on at Dr. Cligney's. The house was renovated from top to bottom, the rich furniture uncovered and changes made. The brightest room in the house was chosen for Edward, opening out of it was a room fitted up as a study for the two boys. There they brought their father's books and added to those of the Dr. an extensive library was formed.

Here the brothers would spend their mornings, Henry perusing his law studies and Edward studying theology, for of late he had shown a decided preference for that kind of reading.

"Why is it that you study theology so persistently, brother?" asked Henry one day seeing Edward unusually wrapped in that study.

"I hardly know, I like it," Edward faltered.

"What has come between us of late, brother? why do you sit so often silent and apart when you used to be so bright and happy and the other night you sobbed in your sleep and your face was wet with tears, tell me what it is that distresses you?" said Henry going over to where his brother sat and taking the book gently from his hand laid it on the table, then passing his arm around his shoulders drew him nearer to him, "tell me all about it, you used to do long ago, let no barrier of silence or reserve ever be between us."

A frightened look came into Edward's eyes, a flush crept up to the roots of his hair,

then went away leaving him deadly pale, he covered his face for a moment with his trembling hands.

"Tell me," urged Henry gently, "what is it?"

"It is nothing," said Edward, rallying with a strong effort, "indeed, indeed it is nothing. I am weak, ill, there is nothing, believe me there is nothing that can come between my love and you," and obeying an impulse he could not resist he threw his arm around his brother's neck, then disengaging himself from Henry's arms he hastily left the room.

Henry was surprised and troubled; what could it mean? They had been far more intimate than brothers usually are. One had never kept even a thought from the other, their joys and sorrows had been heightened and lightened by division with each other, and Henry knew more than any one beside the pure and gentle spirit of his brother. What was the matter? what had broken that intimacy and made his brother so silent and sad? why did his eyes drop when he looked at him or why did he start guiltily when spoken to or come upon suddenly?

The door opened and Dr. Cligney entered, went to Edward's table and taking up a book started from the room.

"Dr. Cligney!"

The old man stopped instantly, there was something in the hesitating way, the rest less glance, which looked extremely as though he was expecting to be questioned.

"Dr. Cligney will you let me ask you a few questions? There is something the matter with Edward, he is distressed about something which he keeps from me and which is making him ill; do you know what it is? will you tell me?" asked Henry anxiously.

The Dr. turned the book slowly over in his hands, looking very hard at the name. "Yes," he said, after a pause, "there is something the matter, he is threatened I fear with nervous prostration, and needs a tonic and rest and being let alone; don't worry him or notice any little peculiarity in his manner. He will come around in a few days."

The Dr. was right. There was no longer cause of complaint against Edward. He was his old self, subdued and quieted; he no longer sought solitude, but stayed with his brother even more than before. He saw that he must set a guard over his actions that Henry might not suspect the cause of his sorrow. "I will try not to think of her," would be his resolve, made every hour almost in the day.

But every favor shown by Julia to his brother brought a spasm of pain to his heart, and after every foolish rhapsody from Henry who never tired of talking about her, he would go away by himself and fight it out alone.

Often in the night he would wake from some happy dream of her with her name on his lips, to find his brother slumbering at his side and his room silent and dark.

Oh! it all a dream! she does not love me but him! no one loves me, no one, only God now! why did I not die when I fell into the water? what have I done that I should suffer so? I do not want to love or dream of her, but I can not help it; the darkness is never so dense but I can see her face shining in it; silence so deep, but that her voice rings through it. Oh Julia! you fill my life; God pity and help me but it is true. What shall I do; oh what'll I do?" mourned the wretched boy.

He stayed away from Mr. Darnleigh's, always pleading some excuse, when Henry wished him to accompany him.

One morning as Dr. Cligney watched the two boys at their studies and saw how restless Edward seemed and how often his eyes wandered from his book, he turned to Mrs. Graham who sat near him darning table linen. "I am going to send Edward to a college," Mrs. Graham looked up quickly. "Yes," said the Dr. "we'd miss him I know, but he must go, he needs the advantage of a new course of study and a change of place."

"You are very kind," said the lady, repressing the grateful tears which rose to her eyes. "but you don't like to be thanked; Edward doesn't look very well of late," she added a little sadly, then her eyes moved from him and rested on her eldest son who was visible through the open window, his dark head resting on his hand deep in study.

"A grand looking fellow," said the Dr. following her eyes, "yes, and as grand as he looks; he will make his way and a good one it will be, no fear for him."

"No fear for Edward, either," said the Dr. quickly, "his will be a different life, but just as successful, I don't know what course he will choose, but it will be right I know."

"That I confess troubles me," said the lady, "what is best for him to do; he is not strong enough for manual labor, and too sensitive and fearful of giving pain to be successful as either a lawyer or doctor, I have never spoken to him on the subject deeming it best to let him select for himself."

"You were right, it is best; each one knows better than others can wherein their talent and inclinations lie. Edward is too true a man to sit idly dreaming and let the world pass him without an effort to rise and do his duty."

After this there was a silence during which Mrs. Graham was painfully conscious that Dr. Cligney was intently watching her. The fingers which held the nee-

dle trembled violently, then she put up her hand to feel for the little muslin and lace cap which she had worn ever since she had become Dr. Cligney's housekeeper, it was not there, she had accidentally left it off. She raised her head in some alarm and met the searching eyes of the man before her.

For a moment they looked at each other, a mute appeal in the dark, frightened eyes of the lady, the man's growing story with surprise, he rose, took a step and stopped before her.

"Mary Austin?"

"Mark!" she whispered, rising also and facing him; then before he could speak again she went on in a firm voice, too low for the boys in the next room to hear.

"I am not base and false as you think me I was true to you until then, my father and Ben, told me tales about you, forged letters and made me believe that you were married; showed me a false notice of your marriage which they had inserted in a paper. Then Ben urged me to marry him, and in my despair and mortified pride I did so; we went away, no need to tell you how wretched I was, how I learned how false he was. He died soon, but not before my father I was entirely alone, I did not want to come back to the old scenes, so I took the position of governess in a family; there I met Mr. Graham for whom I entertained a high respect. I married him, the rest you know. You wanted my son, I could not give him up, neither could I deprive you of what seemed necessary to your happiness, the past was dead between us, I hoped that twenty years and the little cup which I wore would leave you to ignorance of whom I really was; they have failed, I will go away and trouble you no more. Mark, I have told you the whole truth, my soul is laid bare before you."

She started toward the door. "Mary," he called, stretching out his hands. She paused, but did not raise her eyes. "I have wronged you all these years; I was to blame for it all; I see it now, I should not have left you so long open to the wiles of Ben Cligney; we have both suffered enough, Mary, one tie binds us together, Edward, the wasted years call for reparation at our hands; the fates have thrown us once more together; I can see that time nor change nor separation has changed your heart; be true to it and let us begin where we left off twenty years ago; will you Mary?"

Stephens coming in a little later was struck dumb with astonishment at sight of the two sitting side by side holding each other's hands, looking into each other's eyes as if the twenty years had never been.

It was not hard to look into the happy face before her and recognize Mary Austin. Stephens covered her hands and even her dress with kisses, dropping her hot tears on them.

"I have often been tempted to tell you who I was, Stephens, but was afraid," said the lady.

"I have always loved you and believed in you my lady, always," cried the delighted Stephens.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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